IVORY PORTRAIT. MAUD BECKETT.

I had come out to join him, and I had been | was distinctly a responsibility to have jew-

anything was wrong, and when at last he shock to me.

About my family I knew very little. My parents both died when I was a youngster, and I had only a dim recollection of them. my uncle's habit to talk very much about | plexed. the old days before he left England, nor speak, after dinner, when the lamps were a tie in the world. lighted in our comfortable bachelor bungaparted.

Silas was taken ill. It was horrible to see face ashy pale, the kind eyes pain, and his tall, soldierlylooking form laid low, grappling with death. It seemed impossible to realize the

He lingered on for a few days, until one morning, when the faint light of the summer dawn had just begun to steal through the blinds, as I sat by his bedside watching his labored breathing, with a lonely feeling at my heart, he opened his eyes and motioned to me.

"Well, uncle," I said, in the most cheery voice I could muster, "how do you feel? You have had a good long sleep."

He raised himself on his arm for a moment and looked at me with a dull hopelessness in his eyes, then he fell back pillows again.

"Dick," he gasped, "those rubles! haven't told you-they are in the oak box in my bureau-and her photo-Janet's-find her, find her, Dick," and he grasped my arm as his breath failed him. "Give her the rubies-don't rest day or night until you find her-promise, swear it.' With one last effort his fingers closed on

"I swear it, uncle," I said: "I will not rest until I find her." Then, with a great sigh of relief, which shook his poor wasted frame, his head fell back, and I knew that my dear old uncle, and dearer chum, had

The lonely feeling grew bigger, and a choky sensation rose in my throat, as I realized that now I was alone, without kith or kin, and the cheery, bright presence had my life forever. I kissed him more than I can ever tell any one.

ext few days after his death to consider and think about. ment for my own thoughts; but when I had attended to all the last sad rites, and my uncle had been laid in his grave, I sat down to ponder over things

words had puzzled me sorely. mean about the rubies? I had not had the faintest idea that he had any

possession. Had he been rambling? I hated the thought of searching among papers. It was an unpleasant put it off as long as I could. night I set myself to the task. I took his proved fruitiess; no answer came to any of went on to the next room, I following her keys and opened the bureau. There, sure our advertisements. Janet and her family at a respectful distance, and so we went enough, was the oak box, just as he had said. At first I thought none of the keys would fit, as one after another I tried

them, but at last one of them slipped in and turned in the lock easily. As I raised the lid it seemed to contain nothing but two packets of letters, carefully tied up and sealed. The papers looked old and yellow and worn, as if they had been carried about in somebody's pocket for a long time. I lifted them out carefully and lovingly-it seemed a desecration to disturb them-those treasures of my uncle's. Underneath them lay a small blue velvet case, and next to it a larger one of leather. First I took up the velvet one, and with a press of my thumb the lid flew up. Inside lay miniature, exquisitely painted. The face was beautiful, more beautiful than any that I had ever seen; but it was none of your Reynolds or Gainsborough beauties, with eyes round with sentimentality and the sweet smile of a delicate imbecility on the stupid little mouths. No; this woman's was an intellectual type; the forehead was low and broad, the skin delicately, exquisitely fair and shell-like, and great dreamy, soft gray eyes, shadowed by their long black lashes, looked back at me. The mouth was not a rosebud one by any means; there were resolute and determined curves about it, although the whole expression of the face was sad, almost mournful. Her hair, piled high on her shapely head in the fashion of the early thirties, was a

The picture was set in a little filagree gold frame, and across one corner of it in tiny brilliants was the word "Janet." This, then, was the far-off cousin my uncle had talked to me about, always with a quiver

most glorious chestnut, with strong red

I gazed at the picture for some minutesthe face fascinated me; certainly it had never been my luck to meet with a woman half so beautiful. My mind began to conjure up many and varied tales, and then, with a start, I remembered the other case, It was fairly large and the spring was strong, but when the lid flew open it revealed a necklace of the most exquisite rubles I had ever seen. They were very large-about the size of the top of a big thimble-their color was perfect and their setting unique; but, strange to say, one of them, almost the biggest, was missing, Ten thousand pities, I thought, as I gazed at them with wonderment. The lights from the candle flickered round them, making them flash and glint; they were absolutely dazzling in their splendor. How on earth had my uncle got hold of them? Why had he kept them a secret from me? What had they to do with Janet Fortescue? Why was one of them missing, and who had it? All these questions I asked myself in a dazed kind of way. I went over his last words to me over and over again: "Janet,

When my uncle Silas died he left me the rubies; don't rest day or night til heir to his very considerable fortune. We you give them to her." Well, I had sworn had always been the best of friends. He to keep my promise, and I had better set was a merchant at Calcutta, and as soon to work, without loss of time, to unravel as my school and college days were over the mystery and dispose of my charge; it els of that value suddenly thrust upon you He was a jolly, sporting old man, fonder | belonging to someone else, especially in my of and pluckfer at, big game shooting than | bachelor, wandering life-and henceforward anyone I've ever met, and he was always it probably would be a wandering one. ready to enjoy a good joke. Indeed, I Still, my uncle had managed to keep them

had grown to look upon him as being safely hidden, even from me, for all these nearly as young as I was myself-the idea | years, and so probably I could do the same. that the years were treating him less | One by one I took out the letters and kindly than they were treating me never | read them. Evidently they had been sent for a moment entered my thoughtless to him before he left England. They were head. Occasionally he would complain of all written in the same fine, delicate-pointa queer feeling in the region of his heart, ed Italian hand, and sweet, womanly little and he was at times subject to fainting letters, signed "Janet." The address on fits, but I shut my eyes to the fact that | them was Beech Manor, Woodfield. Not one of them contained any mention of the was taken seriously ill it was a horrible rubies, and after I had gone through them all I was no better off than before.

And, although my uncle had left his af fairs in the greatest order possible, there was no word about the jewels. Why, in a Of other uncles, and cousins and aunts I matter of such serious importance, had he had none. Indeed, we had no relations. I left no word of instruction, no hint as to think we-my uncle and I-were the most his wishes, to me, except those few last destitute two in the world, as far as fam- disjointed words with his dying breath? ily connections went. It had never been It was all a mystery, and I felt sorely per-

As I remarked before, when all was setabout the few relatives or friends he had | tled up, I found myself in possession of a ever possessed. There was only a dim | very considerable fortune, quite independthird cousin of whom he would sometimes | ent of everything and everybody, without

At first after my uncle's death my life low and we were quite alone, puffing at our | went on much as it had done before; I cigars in the still air, after the intense | had made no plans as yet; but, instead of heat of the day; but I always noticed a growing accustomed to his empty chair, I suspicious moisture in his eyes and a quiver | came to miss his cheery presence more and round his lips when he mentioned Janet | more, and then came an irresistible longing Fortescue's name. From the little he told for the old homeland again. It was twelve me, I gathered that they had once been | years or more since I had left England, sweethearts, but they had had a tiff and and, although India is a pleasant enough place to live in-many a good time have I Well, to go back to the day when Uncle | had out there-still my soul longed for my native shore once again. My mind was soon made up. I settled up

my affairs, disposed of my comfortable bungalow, I said good-bye to my kitmatgar. behrer and all the rest of them, and in very short time I landed myself and my baggage on board the P. and O. steamer Turin, bound for England. It was a comfortable boat; the passengers, most of them, were charming people, many of the girls were pretty, all of them were jolly, and varied were the enjoyable half hours I passed. Altogether my voyage was thoroughly pleasant one to look back upon. When I arrived in London I felt strange after my lazy, calm existence in the East, where no one ever hurried; here every one was in a bustle and a hurry, jostling you about as if they hadn't a moment to breathe. However, I did not waste much time in looking up some of my old college chums. Many of them were married to pretty wives, and we had a good time all round. But those rubies, they lay heavy on my conscience. I could not forget or neglect my charge, and before I could turn my thoughts pleasurewards I must use every

about them. I had no one to question, no relations to ask, nothing to go upon but the name of Woodfield. The little knowledge I had was so slight that it was worth absolutely nothing. I traveled down to Berkshire to the little village of Woodfield. Once the family of Fortescue had lived at Beech Manor-so much I learnt-but they had, by some means that nobody seemed to know, lost all their fortune in one crash, and the estate, not being entailed, they had had to leave it and it had passed into other hands.

effort in my power to find out something

Soon after this, it was believed, brother and sister-all who were left of the Fortescue family-had died within a few months of each other. Meager, indeed, was this information to go upon. I had all the parish registers of marriages and death searched, but they told me nothing.

I caused advertisements to be inserted in every London and country paper for news of Janet Fortescue or her heirs. And now another trouble haunted me; were theyshe and her family-living in comparative | end. poverty, while I had possession of these priceless jewels? My lawyers were ceaseno stone unturned; but all our search seemed to have disappeared from the face

of the earth. The months passed on and grew into the sculpture. Would she ever finish? years, and I made up my mind that search was hopeless. The rubies, though, were rarely, if ever out of my mind; they caused me sleepless nights and bad dreams. Often I would wake up, a cold perspiration all over me, in the conviction that they had disappeared, until in my heart of hearts I had begun to think of them as "those blessed rubles." I had been in England now for three years, and I had settled down peaceably to an English country life.

lage a fancy had possessed me that, if by any chance Beech Manor were in the market, I would buy it. I had some trouble at first about it, but before long I was able to I went on for a few yards and then jumpcome to a satisfactory agreement with the owner, and it passed into my hands. It was a snug house, and a nice little

After my visit to the little Berkshire vil-

estate, the shooting was fairly good, and the hunting excellent. I had spent the winter here, but it was past now-the April days were lengthening into May, and I felt it was about time to take up my

One sunny afternoon I wended my way to the club. I had an appointment with Charlie le Mesurier; we were to talk over some horses I wanted to buy.

I sat down, wrote off a few letters, and | there, only two lady actresses, and then then, picking up the first book my hand | there's Miss Hampden-she's a palmistry came to, I flung myself into an armchair | person." to wait for him. I looked at the book I had taken up-it was the "Academy Notes" -idly turning the pages. They didn't look a particularly interesting collection, but, An idea occurred to me. stay!-the leaf turned over quickly. Surely there was something familiar in the pose of that graceful head. I scanned the print eagerly. Yes! it must be-it was more | from her. than a passing likeness-the face was exactly like my miniature.

Forgetting all about my appointment with Charlie le Mesurier, I dashed down the club steps, jumped into a hansom, and was at Burlington House in much less time than it takes to tell. Room 8-there it was, and all doubt ceased, it was the portrait of Janet Fortescue or her double. The curly chestnut hair was piled up high on the beautiful head, in almost exactly the same way as in the little miniature, the eyes deep, dark, and softly gray, and the same sad, thoughtful expresion in them, and the mouth, with its determined lines, had still the same pathetic droop. But, then, Janet Fortescue must be a very old woman by this time, I reflected, and this undoubtedly was quite a recent painting. followed her across the hall into a small My fingers trembled with excitement as | room cozily and charmingly furnished and I found the number in the catalogue: "Por- daintily lighted by softly shaded lamps trait of a Lady," by John Jones. Wise in- A tall figure rose from an armchair. It was formation-I could see that for myself. my lady. "Idiot!" I muttered. Had I got a clew, and were all my fruit-

less efforts to meet with success at last? The first thing to do was to find out where the artist lived, and get what information I could out of him. I turned to the back of the book-Mr. John Jones, 9 St. John's road, Putney. I told my cabby to drive there like lightning. At No. 9 I went up the steps and rang the bell. stolid-looking maid servant came to the door. In answer to my hurried question if her master was at home: "No, he was away in the country, and would not be back for several weeks." "Would she give me his address?" She left me waiting for a moment, then emerged from one of the rooms with it written down on a slip of

I turned my steps back to the hotel, where I sat down and wrote to Mr. Jones. told him some of the story, and begged him by return of post to send me the name and address of the lady. Then all I could do was to wait for the answer with what patience I could. The picture occupied my thoughts; by night I dreamt of it, and through the day the face haunted me, and to be haunted is by no means a comfortable expecrience for any man.

The next day came, and the next, but I answer to my letter, until a week had passed, and then I wrote again.

For the fifth time I wended my way Burlington House and to Room 8, straight up to the picture-my picture, as I had begun to think of it. I went and gazed at it as I had done many times before. Any passer-by, who took the trouble to notice, might have formed the opinion that I was moonstruck or daft. Certainly I resented every look and exclamation of admiration -and they were many-which the lovely portrait called forth.

One thing about the picture which ha excited me more than all was that her fingers were innocent of rings, except that on the third finger of her left hand she wore what looked like an immense ruby.

I stood looking at it-as usual, indulging in the wildest day-dreams, but as daydreams are quite the most unsatisfactory things in this prosaic world, I knew I was fool, and, giving myself a shake, I stepped back. As I did so I came in con-

I was just turning away, after begging her pardon, when she raised her eyes to mine! Great Heavens! It was the very same face as that in the picture, and she was a young woman of about five or six and twenty. A little smile crept around the corners of her pretty mouth as she stood

looking at her own portrait. I felt myself almost shaking with suppressed excitement. What was I to do? Dare I go up and speak to her, and ask her to listen to me? No! Probably she would walk away, and take no notice of me. I sat down on one of the lounges in the middle of the room, and tried to think, My brain felt in a muddled condition. Those rubies, I began to imagine, had affected it sadly. I was simply at my wits'

I watched my lady's graceful figure as she went from picture to picture. She was less in their efforts; indeed, I think we left exquisitely dressed, and I noticed that everyone turned to look at her; then she on, she carefully examining almost every picture. Then she turned her attention to

> However, my patience gained its reward when I saw her go through the turnstiles, down the stairs, and out into the courtyard, I quickly following her. Would she call a hansom? No! With her stately grace-better than any queen-she walked out into Piccadily and hailed-a Hammersmith omnibus. She got in, and I jumped in after her. Opposite her I had a good opportunity of studying her face. Beautiful! This artist had not done her justice by any means.

When we came to a certain long road, with tall, gloomy-looking houses on either side, she stopped the omnibus and got out. ed off, and hurried to the corner of the road, just in time to see her disappearing into a door some way down-it was No. 13. Then I wondered what I should do. There were a few shops at the top of the road: one of these I entered.

"Can you tell me who lives at No. 13?" "Thirteen's a boarding house," was the laconic answer from the green grocer "Is it a large boarding establishment, and

who keeps it?" "Mrs. Raymond is the lady as keeps it,

AN ARDENT SUITOR. Maid-The count does not understand English very well, does he? Mistress-I should say not. I had to tell him "No" three times.

and there aren't many people staying

Was my beautiful lady an actress? Thanking the woman for her trouble,

went home and composed myself to think. Why not go and consult the palmistry woman? I should at least get inside the house, and I might get some information

In the evening, with many doubts and misgivings, I started for Kensington. knocked at the door of No. 13 and they kept me waiting for a long time before they opened it-a frequent habit with the dwellers of Kensington.

"Could I see Miss Hampden?" Miss Hampden was engaged just then

but would I step in? I sent in my name, asking if she would see me professionally, and the maid returned with the answer: "Miss Hampden will see you in twenty

Those twenty minutes were the slowest I had ever lived or ever wish to live again Twenty, thirty, forty passed-the door opened and the maid servant appeared. I

That was the most uncomfortable minute I have ever spent or ever wish to spend again. Was I dense above the average mortal? Somehow the idea that "the palmistry woman" could be my lady had never for a moment entered by stupid head. suddenly woke up to the fact, though, that I must look like an ass standing there, hat in hand, in the middle of the room. With an effort I pulled myself together.

"I have come to ask you if, in your goodness, you will unfold to me some of your | that the treasures laid up on earth were mystic power. I have heard wonders about | liable to be consumed by the moth and the you from some of my friends." She smiled bewitchingly.

"Well, yes," she answered. "I am very successful generally in what I am able to tell my friends who consult me."

We sat down, and she was soon exam- shrewdest business man may often on her pretty forehead-so earnest was she that it might have been a matter of life and death to both of us.

I eagerly looked for the ring. Yes! there the ruby was on her finger, flashing in the lamplights-the exact color, shape and size of those in the necklace. I am not quite clear as to what hap-

pened then, but somehow in a few minutes found myself telling her all about Uncle Silas and the rubies, and the whole story, and then I drew out the little velvet case which held her mother's miniature. Her eyes filled with tears as she looked

back a sob. It was not a long story she had to tell me. Some time before the For- nificance. tescues had left Beach Manor Janet had been secretly married to a Major Hampden, who died not many years after, leaving his widow and his little daughter very badly off. "My mother, just before she died, when

she gave me this ring, and made me promise never to part with it, told me about a ruby necklace. It had been in our family for two or three generations, she said, and had disappeared in some strange way -nobody ever knew how-and it had never been heard of since.' About Uncle Silas her mother had told

her nothing. How had the rubies come to be in his possession? Well, perhaps, for the peace of my dear old uncle's spirit, it was better not to inquire too closely into

We never solved the problem, but we did settle another question, in a satisfactory manner, very soon after my visit to my In the autumn Janet and I were married,

and our most treasured possessions are "those blessed rubies." [Copyright, 1902.]

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. Over 250,000 copies of Charles Dickens'

novels are sold annually. Telegraph rates in the United States average double those in Europe. Prisoners, when arrested in Morocco, are equired to pay the policeman for trouble in taking them to jail.

The earliest library was that of Nebichadnezzar. Every book was a brick engraved with cuneilform characters. The beds of peas in Colorado sometimes

include as many as two thousand acres, and there is one bed exceeding in size About sixteen million tons of freight are annually carrried on the Ohio river, which has a length of one thousand miles from

Pittsburg to Cairo. Three rivers as big as the Rhine just equal in volume the Ganges, three Gangeses the Mississippi, and two Mississippis the Amazon.

When free from ice the Yukon river is navigable for large steamers 1,965 miles, a distance more than twice as great as that | That record on high will read very differfrom Chicago to New Orleans. "Robinson Crusoe" was the first novel with illustrations ever published in England. This was in August, 1719. The illus-

tration was a map of the world General Burgoyne's headquarters in the Saratoga campaign in 1777 at Sandy Hill, Washington county, New York, is about to be razed to make way for factories The latest statistics compiled for France are for the year 1900, and these show that for the fourth time in eleven years the

number of deaths exceeded the births. In return for a monopoly of the preparation of opium in China a German firm at Shanghai has offered the Chinese government an annual payment of over \$35,000,000. It is affirmed that in the foreign missionary world there are now not far from 21,000 schools of all grades, in which a Christian education is being given to over one million pupils.

A Berlin periodical, Der Weinkenner, relates that when Bismarck died about ten thousand bottles of the choicest wines were found in his cellars, mostly gifts from

Although there are over three million fakirs in India, a beggar never starves except voluntarily, in self-punishment, so afraid are the natives of incurring wrath of their multitudinous gods if the holy men are not cared for. A scheme for the manufacture of paper

buttons is being put forward in San Fran-These buttons, say the promoters of the scheme, will be cheaper than the bone and metal ones, quite as serviceable, and of as good an appearance. Lace-making was taught the natives of Paraguay by missionaries two centuries ago. To-day in all towns of eight thousand

inhabitants many of the men and nearly all

the women and children make lace collarettes, handkerchiefs and ladies' ties. The New York City Record, an official publication owned and issued by the municipality, is the biggest newspaper in the world. It appears every day in the year Sundays and legal holidays excepted, and sometimes contains as many as 383 pages. In the annual value of carriages and wagons manufactured Ohio ranks first. with \$16,000,000; New York and Indiana about \$14,000,000 each, and Michigan, \$12,000,-000. The aggregate for the United States is little short of \$100,000,000. Of this more than half is for 950,000 pleasure carriages

which are sold in each year. In British India there have been, during the past thirty or forty years, quite a number of Englishmen who, yielding to some monomania, have adopted the role of fakir and have ended their days as hermits, subjecting themselves to all those dreadful forms of asceticism and of penance practiced by the Indian dervishes.

A Russian explorer, P. Ignatow, has found a queer thing in Asia. He was exploring the Telezkojt lake, in the Altai mountains. This lake is situated in 50 dedon and Berlin and almost in the same latitude as Plymouth and Havre. Yet he found many herds of reindeer there.

The word Bible furnishes a striking in-stance of a world's rise from very low to high estate. To the bulk of English-speaking folk it now means the book of books. In Chaucer's day it meant any book what-

ever, or scroll—to speak by the card, lest equivocation undo us. Tracing the word sible straight home we find it as bublos. but another name for the papyrus reed of

In Switzerland the studies of many years have determined the fact finally that the laciers are not only steadily receding, but that their rate of recession is becoming greater each year. There are only a few glaciers that still grow. The Boveyre glacier, in Canton Wallis, is the only one that has increased since 1892. The famous Rhone glacier has receded almost eight hundred

yards since 1876. Etiquette is the religion of Japan. No ople in the world are as polite as the Japanese. As a nation the Japanese are more cleanly than any other people. In nearly every way they are superior to the Chinese, but they lack the Chinese conscience and the doctrine of commercial honor. London and New York merchants sell many Chinese merchants goods on credit, but they have learned by bitter experience that the Japanese merchants frequently fail to pay their debts.

THE VOICE OF THE PULPI

TREASURES IN HEAVEN: THEY ARE PLEASING IN THE SIGHT OF GOD.

By Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D., Pastor Emeritus Lafayette-Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."-Matthew vi, 20.

"Store away stores for yourselves in heaven." That is the rendering-in one of the earlier English translations of the Bible -of our Lord's injunction in his Sermon on the Mount. He had just told his hearers rust, or stolen away by thieves. If they wanted to put what was dearest to their hearts out of the reach of the rust and the robbers, they must lodge them in God's keeping; there they would be safe. The security of his investments; the Master declares that what we invest in heavenly treasures can never be lost.

Did Christ mean to recommend a large bestowment of money for charitable purposes in order to secure a place in heaven? Some have twisted this passage into this selfish direction, and insisted that almsgiving in this world would purchase salvation in the next world. But our Lord never descended to such a mercenary morality God is not to be bargained with for gold or silver. The scope of this divine injunction is infinitely wider, higher and holier at it, and she bit her pretty lips to keep than any pecuniary transaction for selfish purposes; it has an intensely spiritual sig-

The treasures to which he refers are all those objects for which an immortal being ought to live, and the possession of which are the most pleasing in the sight of God When any man gives his heart to God and sincerely aims to give his life to the service of God he then makes God his trustee. His property may vanish in the flames or b swept away by commercial hurricanes, but what is dearest to him is secure. "I know whom I have trusted, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. This precious passage covers more than the salvation of a believer's soul. It embraces all the results and the fruits and the outcome of a genuine Christian life. The moment that you are truly converted that moment you begin to make spiritual investments, you begin to lay up heavenly treas-

CHRISTIAN AND WORLDLING. The servants of Christ have a different arithmetic from the worldling. He counts his gains by the earthly possessions that he accumulates. The Christian often gains by the losses of earthly things. "He that loses for my sake finds" is an assurance full of good cheer to many a tired and afflicted child of God. Grasping after earthly wealth or honor costs very often a sad loss of grace and godliness. It is not what we take up, but what we are ready to give up that makes us spiritually rich. Giving up for the sake of our Master honors Him and adds to our treasure in heaven. Therein is the peculiar glory of the martyrs; they counted not even their lives as dear so that they might honor their crucified Lord, and glorious will be their reward among the crowned conquerors up yonder.

It is impossible to compute what treasures every faithful Christian may be storing away for that celestial storehouse. a "laying up" day by day. God is a just accountant and a generous rewarder. A "book of remembrance" is kept, and God will give to every one as his work shall be ently from the assessors' taxbooks in this world. Plutus and Midas are assessed in New York or London as millionaires. Up yonder a "certain poor widow" will outshine many of these colossal moneymongers because she put into the Lord's living. That box of alabaster which Mary broke over the feet of her beloved Master | heritance.

will not lose its fragrance in heaven. Every act of self-denial for Christ is an investment for heaven. Every word spoken encouragement is this for faithful parents. and Sunday-school teachers, and city mis-

SPHINX LORE

Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.



Her voice is heard like the TWO of a bird,

I watch her the while, though I dare not

But we'll do our best to train her-the rest

308.-TWIN WORDS.

(Example: Ma-ma.)

Louise and her sailor lover were on the

perch. He had bought her a *** box

and some ripe fruit of the *** tree. She

was strumming the mandolin and singing

in a low ***. (To tell the truth she was

more used to the noise of the *** and to

seeing the *** danced.) When she

finished, he sang some foolish lines about

"dem *** eyes," or something of that sort. He asked her how she liked it. She

replied, "Well, only "-", to be frank."
He burst into a loud "-" and said, "Why,

I thought your song was as sweet as that

of the Persian *** and I feel like com-

paring you to all the birds in the world-

the thrush, the canary, that beautiful bird

And her small feet go feeble and slow,

Like her grandsire's faltering tread;

Lest vain thoughts fill her head.

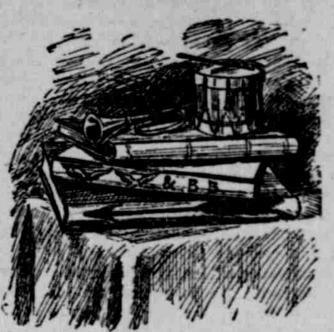
Dear little maid! I am half afraid

That her gift may prove a snare;

We'll leave to our Father's care.

[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.1

302.—THREE BOOKS.



303.—CHARADE. "What! Afraid of the turbulent waters, And the noisy wind and the breakers splashing Why, old Neptune's good wife and his daughters, dear, Are just busy to-day with the weekly

They come down to the seaboard TWO THREE all the rubbing, For they haven't a ONE TWO THREE laundry work by. Till the ocean's stirred up with the wringing and scrubbing And, oh dear, you can

suds just fly First, they carefully hand out the daintiest You would think it white spray floating over the tide-Then old Nep. summons up a big gale in That the family washing may quickly be

straining mast snap Their nice things must be all torn to ribbonds, I fear; th, see, there is a dear little ruffled white- I think FIVE was ONE by wild stories Baby Neptune's, I know-blown away over

So, the next time the storm is like this pet, instead Of being frightened you'll know the real reason, and say: the Neptunes (they're not WHOLE now, 'tis said) Must be doing an extra big washing to-

> MABEL P. 304.—PALINDROME.

Since the dawn of history, and nobody knows how long before, men have existed who have committed the most horrible atrocities. Even now, when we think of the world as humanized, we can recall events of recent years that lead us to exclaim that "I'E "E'I'S "I'E" E'I'. T. J. G.

305.—ANAGRAM.

O. TRY ME ON GRIT, if you think that it Will turn out for your benefit. On problems I your skill defy, Even though your best you try. On the COMPLETE I scarce do meet Competitor I fail to beat. But brag aside, let us abide Decision-when our skill is tried. Umpire shall be from bias free, Some mathematician of high degree. The time then name, and to the same

I will agree-and try the game. ASPIRO. 306.—CONCEALED CITIES.

A fine ship is at anchor outside the bar She could easily enough enter the river or a high tide, but this being the November neap tide, a delay of at least one week is unavoidable. Her last trip, a dangerous one, was rather a tramp voyage, no attempt at a creditable record being made. She visited countries teeming with savage life in the antipodes, sailed over waters colder by far than ice, and again, at a later period, through a dense growth of seaweed Her Captain is an admirable officer and sober gentleman, but is always courteous to strangers, and her crew as correct in discipline as a corps of troops, and always ready for any duty. WEBFOOT. ready for any duty.

307.—LINKADE.

She's a dear little ONE, full of frolic and And good I must be, lest she PRIMAL me And do what is not just right; For ALL is her forte, and her innocent

Fills the hearts of her friends with de

with Him" to give to every servant according as his work shall be. It goes without saying that, as "they who are some favored servants of Jesus who happy souls whom he led to Jesus, and our of everything that we have freely reown Moody finding his heaven all the more | ceived. joyous for the number of those whom his intiring labors won to the life everlasting.

is raising the question. How shall I employ my brains, my culture, or my money to the best advantage? Even one talent, if | ought to compound with his Master by not hidden or wasted, shall make some treasury the two mites that were all her very humble Christians rich and radiant Christian work. Those who have not much when they come into their heavenly in-HOW ALL MAY BE RICH. In these days, and especially in our own life may be a constant expenditure; even country, there is an astonishing increase as the noonday sun overflows his golden

for Him here will echo there. A precious of men of immense wealth; the word "million" is almost as common as the word "thousands" was in the days of my childsionaries, and the whole army of hard toil- hood. Haste to be rich is the prevailing ers in the service of the best of Masters, mania; yet only a very, very small pro-Do you sometimes get discouraged because | portion of all the most eager seekers after you do not see more immediate results of | wealth will ever attain it. But every one your efforts? Don't worry. You are re- of my readers may become "rich toward | Lord is remembered, for He hath said, "the sponsible for doing your whole duty; God God." The secret of it is to get by giving. friends and admirers. They came from all is responsible for results. His "reward is This is the true paradox in the economy

BROKE IT GENTLY.

He-When his wife's mother died, he got a man who stuttered to break the news

He-He's a very kind-hearted man.

She-How do you know?

I saw in South America, the ***, which goes in pairs uttering the sound which gives it its name. I will not liken you to that ugly bird, now happily extinct, called the **. I, on the other hand, am more like that awkward, long-armed ape, called the ***. But, my dear **. I came this evening to see if I could not get your final promise to be mine." She cast down her eyes and said, "Won't you ask **. ** and ma'am, all right then, said her sailor lover, "but suppose your parents disapprove of me in ... as the Latin-talking fellows say?" "I shall al-ways mind my parents," said the girl. "Well, if I do get you, my dear," he said, "I shall be sure I am not catching a *** and I think I shall worship you almost as much as the Egyptians wors DOROTHEA. 309.—DECAPITATION. Of lands TWO in tropical seas, Where nature displays savage glories, And people do just as they please; Of coasts where no THREE ever coasted, Where A. B. C. SIX, never bore, Where billets and bills are not posted;

TWO Edens-with serpents galore. So. FOUR to these islands Elysian, He landed, and quite lost his head On meeting a beautiful vision Who "spoke a few English," she said. He stammered some notes on the weather;

She listened, with smiles bright as lac-Then changing the theme altogether, Said, "Gimme a chaw o' tobacker. M. C. S.

PRIZE GEOGRAPHY.

An attractive prize will be presented the sender of the best lot of cities found hidden in No. 306. The solutions are to be forwarded within one week, and in case of doubt the winner will be decided by any special merit found in one of the nearest complete lists.

ANSWERS.

286.-All classes want war ended.

287.—Met-am-orph-hose. 288 .- Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, O. W. Holmes; Black Beauty, Anna Sewall; Black Rock, Ralph Connor; Cricket on the Hearth, Charles Dickens; The Choir Invisible, J. L. Allen; Fatal Marriage, C. M. Braeme; A Terrible Temptation, Charles Reade: Great Expectations, Charles Dickens; In Memoriam, Alfred Tennyson; Tramping with Tramps, Josiah Flynt: The Compleat Angler, Izaak Walton; Up from Slavery, Booker T. Washington; Pilgrim's Progress, John Bunyan; In His

Steps, C. M. Sheldon. 289.—Classes, lasses, asses. 290.-Telegraphers' tournament.

291.—Crane, nacre. 292 .- 1. U. S. Grant. 2. William McKinlev. 3. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 4. Andrew Carnegie. 5. Theodore Roosevelt. 6. Thomas B. Reed. 7. J. D. Rockefeller.

8. Edward Everett Hale. 9. Neal Dow. 10.

Abraham Lincoln. 11. P. T. Barnum. 293.-A pipe.

of grace. He that refuses to give his whole heart to Christ is doomed to perish without Christ. He that saves for self turn many to righteousness will shine as only looses; he that loses for Christ's sake the stars" in that celestial firmament, there | is sure to save. Would you secure treasures in heaven? Then learn to give, and will come into magnificent inheritances in give bountifully. God loveth the cheerful heaven. We can imagine Robert Raikes giver. This is not to be limited to gifts surrounded by a multitude of those who of the purse; for the offerings of silver were the spiritual trophies of his Sunday and gold are only a part of what our schools, and Spurgeon welcomed by the Master has a right to; we must freely give

If you have the heart to pray, give your prayers; answered prayers will be a part of Consecrated talents will then blaze as your heavenly inheritance. You that have crowns of rejoicing. What an inducement | acquired wisdom and experience, give your is this to every young man and woman who | counsels to those who need them. Give your personal labors for Christ and the salvation of souls; no wealthy Christian drawing a bank check in lieu of personal money, or counsel, or Christian work to bestow, can afford the blessing of godly living, and a holy example. And so a Christly urn of radiance, and is none the poorer in

> warmth and brightness. Such a life is a constant accumulation of heavenly treasures. It is a laying-out here for Christ, and a laying-up yonder. Every good deed is recorded; every victory over sin has its crown; every service for our reward is with me to give to every one as his work shall be." Labor on, pray on, suffer on, battle on, O faithful servant of the crucified Jesus! Every day will add to your treasures in heaven; and so shall you be made meet to be partakers of the glorious inheritance of the saints in light.

Exercise in Dancing.

New York Times. "Dancing is certainly a long-distance exercise," said the man who has a passion for statistics. "I don't dance myself, but I have a brood of young relatives who do, and as it frequently devolves upon me to see them through their saltatory revels I have plenty of time to figure out how far they travel in the course of an evening. After much conscientious computing. I have settled upon these figures as a conservative estimate of the number of miles covered by an indefatiguable dancer in one night: "In a square dance the distance traveled is about half a mile. This may sound like an exaggeration, but if you reduce the term to yards or feet and recall the various maneuvers of the square dance you will see that the figure is not a bit too high.
"Three-quarters of a mile for the walts may likewise seem a trifle excessive, but it is really a very modest estimate.
"In a schottische, polka or two-step one travels about the same distance as in the waitz. With these basic figures for a start-

ing point, further calculations are easy. "In the average programme for an evening there will probably be four square dances, which will make a distance of two miles; six waltzes, aggregating four and a half miles, and six or seven m numbers, which easily foot up four miles

"All told, the persistent dancer will trip the light fantastic to the extent of ten or eleven miles every time she goes out for a nice social evening at a hop. This seems sweet young things seem to thrive on it, so we old codgers ought to be satisfied."

C. W. KRIEL, English Block.

